

The Honest JURY;

O R,

CAUSE TRIUMPHANT

To the Tune of Packington Pound

V

RHOSE, ye good Writers, your Pens are set free. This Jury so trusty, and Proof against RHINO,
 Your Thoughts and the Press are at full Liberty; I am apt to believe to be *Jure Divino*,
 For your King and your Country you safely may write, But 'tis true in this Nation (oh! why is it so?)
 You may say *Black is Black*, and prove *White is White*. Men the *Honest* are as the lower you go;
 Let no Pamphleteers, So a Fish when 'tis dead,
 Be concern'd for their Part, I have often heard said,
 For every Man now shall be try'd by his Peers. May be sweet at the Tail, tho' it stinks at the Head,
 Twelve good honest Men shall decide in each Cause, Oh! may *Honesty* rise and confound the base Tribe,
 And be Judges of *Fact*; the not Judges of *Laws*. Who will be Corrupted by Pension or Bribe:

II

'Tis said Master *Caleb* a Paper did print,
 Which sometimes at some Folks look'd slyly a Squint,
 He weekly held forth of no Peace and no War,
 He was forc'd from his Trade to appear at the Bar,
 Thus for talking too free,
 Master Att--
 Train'd his Lungs for to set him in the Pillory,
 But *Philoxis* now shall be railed for the shame
 Of some Rogues, as yet 'tis not proper to name.



VI

A Jury there was when the Pope was in power,
 That brought out seven Bishops alive from the Tower,
 They sav'd our Religion from *Jacobite* Fury,
 Both that and King GEORGE we owe to a Jury,
 So those that brought out
 The Bishops—no doubt,
 Brought in our King George, who's so gallant and
 Then sure 'tis the Interest of Country and King,
 That Juries should never be led in a string.

III

You may call the Man Fool, who *Treaties* do's blunder
 And stile him a Knave, who his Country doth plunder;
 The Peace be'twixt good, is 'ead never be a Crime,
 To with it were, better in Prose or in Rhime!

For Sir Philip well knows,

That *Imogen*—does

Will serve him longer in Verse or in Prose,
 For Twelve honest Men have decided the Cause,
 And were Judges of *Fact*, tho' not Judges of *Laws*.

Thus far honest *Duncan* hath prophesied right,
 And prov'd himself blest'd with true *Second Sight*,
 Who, tho' Deaf and Dumb, in *Astrology* famous,
 As *Partridge*, poor Robin, or old *Nostradamus*,
 Did lately Divine,

That *Caleb* should shine,

And prevail o'er his Foes in the Year twenty nine,
 For Twelve honest Men have determin'd his Cause,
 And relined from Quibbles our old English Laws.

VII

IV

judges there are, and twice Twelve Aldermen,
 And many Members and Bishops—what then?
 You shou'd travel all England around,
 Them Twelve honest Men cannot be found,
 Then this Jury
 Which set *Caleb* free,
 Thought in their Verdict *He was not Guilty*,
 Let these Honest Men, who do pay Scot and Lot,
 And Ballads are Ballads be never forgot.

VIII

But one thing remains his Predictions to crown,
 And that is to see the LEVIATHAN down,
 Nor let us despair, the Year is not out,
 And a Month or two more may bring it about,
 Then in Chorus let's sing,
 And say God bless the King,
 And that all those, who deserve it may swing,
 If Twelve honest Men were to Judge in this Cause,
 Out good Verdict more might secure all our Laws.